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January, 1921.

WALKER'S QUARTERLY

WILLIAM ROXBY BEVERLEY

ARTIST, SCENE-PAINTER, ACTOR,
ACTOR-MANAGER AND THEATRE-PROPRIETOR

BY
FRANK L. EMANUEL
V.P.S.G.A.

BY APPOINTMENT

WALKER'S GALLERIES
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LONDON, W. 1

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WILLIAM ROXBY BEVERLEY

By W. Hastings

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No. 2 JANUARY, 1921

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William Roxby Beverley

THE rapid sinking into oblivion of the fame of so truly great an artist as William Roxby Beverley was as remarkable as it was undeserved.

Even now, that his reputation is slowly but surely gaining a permanent place for him among the English masters, there are but few of those who are accounted versed in art connoisseurship — critics, picture-collectors, picture dealers and others—who can do more than connect the name of Beverley somewhat vaguely with the stage, or with scene painting. They remain entirely ignorant of his great attainments as a painter of pictures. So that, not counting the occasions when the writer has included specimens of his work with that of other forgotten artists at lectures and so forth, we may take it as pretty sure that the exhibition of his work planned by Mr. Augustus Walker is the first one-man show of his productions got together since his death in 1889.

True, the British Museum and the Victoria and Albert Museum contain, among the nation's

art treasures, a few of his sketches—but no one could claim that they represent Beverley at his best.

The Garrick Club contains his "Gorleston Pier," but no eyes except those of its members or their friends were, at the time I sought to get a view of it, allowed to see it.

The Bristol Art Gallery contains his "Morning Mists; Hastings Boats," a work exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1875, and, moreover, a work so fine that I have heard of a connoisseur who occasionally journeyed from London to Bristol for the sole purpose of studying and enjoying it. The artist's "Dawn, Luggers leaving for the Fishing Grounds," in the possession of Mr. Bertram Loud, would per contra justify similar journeyings from Bristol to London.

Rochdale Corporation Art Gallery boasts a fine Beverley, a coast scene with wet sands, and in the Permanent Collection of the Birmingham Corporation is another of his works.

This temporarily forgotten artist died no more than thirty-two years ago, after having earned and enjoyed for decades the reputation of being the greatest painter of stage scenery the world had known. For such was the recorded verdict not only of those who employed him, and of the general public, but

Size $14\frac{1}{2} \times 10\frac{1}{4}$ ins.

LANDSCAPE WITH TREES

also of those great painters of his own day whose names and fame have survived their generation, to be handed down on Britain's roll of artistic honour.

Beverley's journalistic friend, George Augustus Sala, in the obituary notice which appeared in "The Daily Telegraph" for May 18th, 1889, refers to him as the "long acknowledged chief and doyen of English scenic artists," and writes of his "noble water-colours done in leisure hours." For, apart from his triumphant efforts in scenic art, Beverley painted water-colour pictures of rare and delicate beauty, works which alone should suffice to win for him a place in the front rank among our masters of water-colour art.

Further, his landscape and seascape work, whether in lead-pencil, chalk, or ink, was no whit inferior to any of the remarkably powerful productions of the stronger band of artists of his day. Both David Roberts (the Velasquez of architectural painting) and Clarkson Stanfield (who had the misfortune to be overshadowed by the giant, Turner), were convinced of the supremacy of Beverley in his own branches of art.

Beverley, who was a great admirer of both Roberts and Stanfield, as well as of the Telbins,

the scene painters, was apparently influenced in his work by Bonington, Turner, Harding and Isabey, by Constable and by Constable's glorious following among the French landscapists. Yet Beverley always showed a distinct individuality, he was a strong man, and it is most likely that Nature stirred him in the same passionate way as it did the artists whom I have just named, and so sometimes produced a certain amount of similarity in their manner of recording impressions.

William Roxby Beverley was born at Richmond, Surrey, in 1811, and was educated in that town, so that his earliest days must have been spent in the midst of beautiful scenery. Both his father, William Roxby, and his grandfather were north-country actors and theatrical managers, while two of his elder brothers and his sister were likewise members of those professions in whose pictorial phases our artist was destined to play so leading a part.

William Roxby the elder assumed the name of Beverley in honour of the minster town in Yorkshire, but an examination of many of the artist's signatures seems to indicate a doubt in the latter's mind as to whether his name should be spelt with two or with three e's, and there is still a difference of opinion among those

who were acquainted with the family as to which is the correct spelling, just as the date of the artist's birth has been variously given as 1811, 1814 and 1824. His own orthography was of the quaintest and was capable of leading to puzzling mistakes.

From his earliest days, Beverley showed extraordinary artistic ability, and Clarkson Stanfield used to delight in taking the little fellow out with him so that the twain might sketch together. While still a boy he stayed for nine months with Edmund Kean, who was greatly attached to him and called him his "guardian angel."

Later on, through the strong recommendations of the all-powerful David Roberts, Macready employed Beverley on scenic work of ever-increasing importance, and, moreover, became his devoted friend.

His first engagement as a scene painter was at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, in 1830, at that time under the management of his father. He immediately made a hit in that rôle. In 1831, he accompanied his father and two brothers on tour in Scarborough, Stockton, Durham, Sunderland, and North and South Shields, both painting scenery and acting in heavy comedy. Sunderland was accustomed to fine scene-painting from the brush of

Clarkson Stanfield, yet that produced there by the comparatively unknown youngster was so good as to meet with instant applause.

It is known that he was frequently acting between 1830 and 1839.

His first engagement as a scene-painter in London was in 1839, at the Old Coburg (later the Victoria) Theatre, of which his brother, better known as "Harry," was manager. In 1842, he was appointed principal scenic artist at the Theatre Royal, Manchester. On the death of his brother, Henry, in 1846, he succeeded to the management of that Durham group of theatres in which, fifteen years earlier, his artistry had won him precocious successes.

His next London engagement was at the Olympic, whence he migrated, in 1846, to the old Princess's Theatre, where he was installed as principal artist. Thence he later made a further move with Charles Matthews and Madame Vestris to the Lyceum, there to produce, twice annually, for many years, the triumphantly beautiful scenery to accompany Planché's burlesque spectacles.

In 1853, aspiring even higher in his profession, Beverley was appointed scenic director at Covent Garden, and in the following year started on his thirty years of artistic successes at Drury Lane, producing scenery which,

Size 12 × $7\frac{7}{8}$ ins.

SCARBOROUGH (Pencil)

Mr. W. J. Lawrence says, in the Dictionary of National Biography, was "full of subtle aerial effects and of marvellous beauty."

At one time, Beverley was simultaneously producing the scenery at Covent Garden, at Drury Lane, and at Her Majesty's Theatres, and when one considers that he was also practically all his life a theatrical manager and proprietor as well, (at one time he was managing, or mis-managing, seven different playhouses)—we can imagine that along with his indefatigable labours as sketcher and pictorial artist, he was as overworked as he was versatile.

It was his theatre managing that proved the one iron too many in the fire, and was, frankly, a failure. He never gave it proper attention, and the losses in connection therewith were a sore burden to him.

The late Mr. George Fryer, the picture dealer, a very sound landscape painter and erstwhile scenic artist, recounted to me many reminiscences of his old friend Beverley. The luminous breezy manner of both Bonington's and Beverley's paintings were reflected in *his* work. He told me that Beverley, towards the close of his career, used to drive round in his own carriage to the theatrical painting rooms, to supervise the carrying out of scenery from his designs, so that he could eke out more time

for the pictorial work that he loved. He was simply idolised by his colleagues and assistants.

Mr. Lawrence, writing in the *Magazine of Art* shortly before Beverley's death, says of him, "A stripling in years although a greybeard in scenic proficiency, William Beverley had not been long in the Metropolis before the appearance of his name on a play-bill was recognised as sufficient guarantee for the excellence of the scenery. The rise of the Planché extravaganzas during the famous Vestris régime at the Lyceum (1847-55) gave Mr. Beverley full scope for the display of his fine imaginative powers, and soon earned for him the title of the 'Watteau of Scene-painters.' It was here that the old glories of the Venetians were first eclipsed in those marvellous transformation scenes which were afterwards perfected by their creator on the larger stage of Drury Lane."

Mr. Lawrence again, when writing the artist's obituary in the same magazine, estimated that Beverley and O'Connor, who curiously enough, died within a week of one another, had placed English scene-painting ahead of any in the world. He further signalised Beverley as being "supreme in his profession," and adds that he "excelled chiefly in rendering the charm and mystery of atmospheric effects" (a con-

spicuous quality in his pictorial work) "the result of a novel method of his own of 'going over' the cloth on which the previously applied distemper was still wet."

Mr. Malcolm Salaman, the eminent art critic, who has kindly helped me with his personal reminiscences of Beverley and his family, wrote a very interesting interview with the artist in the *Sunday Times* of March 1st, 1885, under the "nom-de-plume" "Busybody." Among the views on stage scenery elicited from Beverley during that interview were the following: "Have as much painting as you like, that is legitimate art. A well-painted scene assists the poetry of a drama, for it saturates the imagination; but a 'built-up' scene full of elaborate, realistic detail detracts the attention of the spectator from the essentials of the drama—namely, the poetry, the character, the acting."

Herein we see Beverley's oft-repeated insistence on the tenet that the atmosphere, in other words, the various planes to be represented on the stage, should be conveyed by the skill of the painter on one or as few canvases as possible, and not be obtained by the aid of carpentry. He, with his exceptional mastery of the secrets of atmospheric effect, was better able than others to dispense with a deal of the

carpenter's aid. In fact, although a particularly unassuming man, he always seems to have rated his own ability at its high value.

In his chat with Mr. Salaman he refers to an old play by Henry Lewis and Matthews, entitled "The Three Chapters," as follows: "The play was a bad one, but the (my) scenery saved it, and was applauded to the echo." He considered that the modern craze for realism would prove him to be "the last of the old school that included such great artists as De Loutherbourg, Clarkson Stanfield, David Cox, Jock Wilson, David Roberts, Chambers and Tomkins, Stanfield's clever pupil. All these were bred in the painting room of the theatre, and they all became great painters. I have contributed," he continues, "water-colour drawings to the Royal Academy for thirty years, and I believe that no other school of painting exists than the studio of the scene-painter proper. It cultivates breadth and atmosphere, and an art that produces such painters as those I have mentioned is not one that should be held in light esteem, or be allowed to die out."

Mr. Salaman says that Beverley considered Drury Lane the only properly constructed theatre in London wherein grand scenes could be shown to advantage. For sixteen years he had entire management of the wonderful Drury

Size $18\frac{3}{4} \times 11\frac{3}{4}$ ins.

A COAST SCENE

Lane pantomimes. He himself designed and superintended the whole construction of the Covent Garden stage, and used there his own invention of movable wing ladders with gas-lights on them, an invention very unjustly claimed as a German one.

Planché said of him that he combined the pictorial talent of Stanfield with the mechanical ingenuity of Bradwell, the mechanist. Among other eminent critics who have praised Beverley were George Lewes and Prof. H. Morley. Yet, as I have said, he came to be completely forgotten, and is still so to an extraordinary extent.

It is more than strange that while the pictorial work of De Loutherbourg, Stanfield, Cox, Roberts and Chambers plays a definite and important part in the history of British art, and is the branch of art by which they are remembered, that of their compeer, Beverley, has been ignored.

Beverley, like them, was a prolific worker, and, like them, lived long, scene-painters being notably long-lived. That his fame *as a scene-painter* should gradually fade away along with that of other deceased masters of the craft is less surprising, for ocular evidence of their mastery in that direction is destroyed (or, as I am credibly informed, still survives stowed away

in lofts), and nothing remains but the fading tradition of former glories.

Between the years 1865 and 1880 Beverley exhibited 28 works at the Royal Academy, the subjects of all but one of them having been found along the English coast. Within the same period he exhibited 28 pictures at the Dudley Gallery as well as others elsewhere. It is very likely that the wonderfully broad and atmospheric effects which one finds in his water-colours and black-and-white work are attributable in large degree, as he himself suggests, to the training of the scene-painters' studio.

Mr. Fryer told me that latterly Beverley, being in easy circumstances, used continually to refuse offers that did not reach £100 a-piece for his finished water-colours, and that some of them he sold for between £300 and £400 each. It seems likely that Beverley hoped to make sufficient by the sale of his pictures to enable him to give up scene-painting and, as his equally distinguished predecessors had done, devote himself to the pictorial branch of art.

The limited time he could devote to picture painting and his high prices both probably tended to limit alike the production and the distribution of his output, thus leading by the rarity of the examples to be encountered to a lack of recognition of his great powers. The

Size $18\frac{3}{8} \times 11\frac{5}{8}$ ins.

OLD CALAIS PIER

same rarity should give value to those examples which can be found in these days.

Mr. Salaman remembers seeing many beautiful paintings by Beverley remaining unsold on the walls of the artist's house, 26, Russell Square (where he lived from 1861 until 1887). Fully appreciating their merit he asked his host why he did not set to work and enforce his claims to be considered as a painter of pictures, to which Beverley replied that he had done what he could but that the public did not want his pictures. This fact seems to have caused Beverley much chagrin. Sala, indeed, remarks that his friend was never thoroughly successful or appreciated as a painter. It may be held that he demanded too high a remuneration for his work, but it must be remembered that in his time the majority of living artists were very much better remunerated than they are nowadays.

Beverley had a charming daughter, who married a barrister, and a son, who is described as having been an exceptionally gifted, charming and generous fellow. Alas! he was too generous to himself, for he ruined himself, morally and financially, through an unconquerable craving for liquid "refreshment." He had been an athlete, a 'Varsity blue, and was called to the Bar, his father having strongly opposed

his ambition to become a painter. I have seen quite a brilliant seascape in water-colour from his hand, which, while evidencing the influence of his father's work, shows an added spiritedness of his own.

It is said that this son, in order to obtain the wherewithal for quenching his undying thirst, was in the habit of filching his parent's sketches, and that in order to protect himself from loss, and his son from temptation, Beverley sent all his loose sketches to Messrs. Christie's for sale by auction.

The end of the poor fellow was shrouded in mystery; he disappeared, and there were those who believed that a body recovered from the Thames was that of Beverley's son.

The major part of Beverley's pictorial subjects were found along the English coast, notably at Scarborough, Sunderland, Eastbourne and Hastings, though he also found fine material on his beloved Upper Thames, in the Lake District and in London, where the grouped towers at Westminster, soaring above humble wharves and barges, frequently spurred him to fine efforts, as did the dome of St. Paul's serenely presiding over the serried line of old Thames-side warehouses. At one time he produced some remarkable scenery and drawings of "London in Tudor Times!"

Size 25 × 16¾ ins

THE QUARRY WOODS, MARLOW

His faithful factotum, "Old Tom," indispensable to, and inseparable from him accompanied him on all his jaunts. Before me is a sketch of him in water-colours, fishing from a punt moored beneath some big willows. There is little doubt that as a foreground figure he was to his master a man of many parts.

They went to Paris, as evidenced by a sketch at my side, and by a brilliant little water-colour note of the Luxembourg Gardens in the possession of a friend. Beverley went to Chamounix with Albert Smith, and on his return painted in marvellous fashion the panorama which accompanied Albert Smith's entertainment, and was entitled Mont Blanc. It was presented at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, in 1852. In Mr. Charles Emanuel's rich collection of Beverley's works are some drawings done in Swiss villages, which evidence to the full the artist's sensitiveness to the charm of picturesque architecture and his unerring sense of perspective.

In 1861, he helped to produce a diorama of Jerusalem and the Holy Land. It was the largest that had so far been produced. In 1880, he painted a panorama of the Lakes of Killarney, which was shown at the Grand Theatre, Islington.

I have studied some hundreds of sketches by Beverley, and but comparatively few of his gallery pictures, and the versatile powers of the artist astound me. There are sketches for transformation scenes and for theatrical scenery, full of fancy and imagination, each scene imbued, as the case may be, with the spirit of ancient Egypt, of India, of classical Italy, of Spain, or of ancient Britain. Midway between these and his realistic efforts come Turneresque water-colour pictures, radiant with light and colour.

Then there are numbers of charming little compositions and studies of boats and shipping, of which he had the completest practical knowledge, down to the smallest detail. Indeed, his knowledge of shipping was equal to that of any of the specialists in marine work such as his friend, E. W. Cooke, R.A., whom he beat in artistry. His drawing of the subtly curving lines of hulls, his delineation of spars and rigging, is absolutely faultless, and put in with a line unrivalled for certainty and purity.

When working in ink, his fancy was given more rein, and the results were seen in astonishingly spirited sketches, evidently culled from the artist's sketch books. Here it will be a busy reach of the lower Thames, with a variety of craft surging along through spray and smoke; there a beamy lugger breasting a

sea roused into sudden fury by the squall which is trailing rapidly across the sky—there, again, it is a couple of Dutch Schuyts becalmed on a sweltering waterway, their idly-flapping sails reflected in the oily waters.

Mayhap, it is a Hastings fishing smack rushing pell-mell on to a beach where a crowd of fishermen is hastening to man the windlass, or, again, it may be an East Indiaman lying exhausted, but at rest, after fighting a desperate battle with the elements that have crippled her, or it may be a veritable procession of vessels proudly sailing to sea on a favouring tide.

But the "motifs" are as numerous as the sketches, each a complete composition, a picture in little, full of life, and movement, and colour, the unmistakable record of a particular moment and of particular weather conditions.

Then, again, there are, as I have hinted, many facile sketches of picturesque architecture, mostly of the ancient farm buildings, the ruined castles, the venerable inns and windmills, the crumbling village fanes, all ivy-grown, and the water-worn timber quays of old England. Occasionally he will grapple with some more complicated architectural theme, such as that set by the Lincoln Cathedral, and will score an equally complete success.

Among the more notable drawings I have seen in one or other of some ten private collections of his works (two or three of the smaller of which have since been dispersed) are two large ones done on the same afternoon, in 1866, at Pevensey Castle, wherein the glowing effect of afternoon sunlight and the deeper tones of sundown are respectively treated with subtle line work, and a touch or two of Chinese white on grey paper, in the most masterly manner. Another fine pair of studies portray amid its breezy surroundings the aged windmill at Eastbourne, which Beverley has labelled "reported to be 500 years old," herewith reproduced.

Then there are his noble stretches of woodland, windy uplands of down and moor, miles of peaceful sandy shore, and masses of cruel cliffs, against which the furious tempest-driven seas hurl themselves. In all of these Beverley holds his own against the specialists of the genre, while with his skies and atmospheric effects he may challenge the greatest.

It must be admitted that many of the figures and horses introduced into his work would not pass a very rigid anatomical examination, though he occasionally surpasses himself.

Beverley loved to wed detail and accuracy to the freedom and breadth with which he pervaded his work, and he made most careful yet

Size 17 × 9⅝ ins

SCARBOROUGH

incisive studies to that end. His sense of composition and of selection were so well-nigh perfect that it was only when he had to design to meet the peculiar requirements of the stage that we are aware of their having been deliberately exercised.

His pictorial work, although indicating in him a temperament so sensitive as to be tuned up to respond sympathetically and generously to Nature's every mood was, despite his training, never theatrical or "stagey."

Among his water-colours none could deny the beauty of such a haunting and sonorous work as the "Eventide," of such a subtly delicate one as the "Redhill," or of such directness and vigour as are displayed in the "Lincoln Cathedral," all in Mr. C. Emanuel's collection. Wonderfully full of atmosphere are the "River Wye" and a fellow-painting, done in the same neighbourhood, as well as the "Bewsley Moor," a small work adequately depicting a great expanse of country. These, with the sketch of "Boats in Mist off a Quay," which latter is in Beverley's more limpid and aqueous style, remind one of James and Bonnington, and of the technique of Brabazon, plus a better realisation of form. While such examples as the "Crest of a moorland road" and "The Strand, Scarborough" (all in the writer's collection) are

typical of his more matter-of-fact renderings of Nature. Notable examples are the low-toned Scarborough view and the grey woodland scene in Mr. Walker's collection. There are a few works in gouache by him, which, of course, are very nearly allied in technique to the distemper painting of scenic art. Unfortunately, some of the fine water-colour paintings have been ruined by the use of Chinese white, which has changed colour. He but rarely painted in oils.

Whatever the medium employed, whether water-colour, distemper, chalk or ink, the result is equally direct and distinguished in its rendering of picturesque scenes and aerial effects, masterly epitomes of Nature's love songs and furies.

Notable among these are a number of unique little pen-finger-and-ink sketches, frequently done on half sheets of notepaper. Many of them awe-inspiring, others in more peaceful vein, and in either case most spontaneous looking. Some have been started with thick or thin nibs or the butt end of the pen. In the pencil work, of which he was a veritable master, he most often used large sheets of rather rough paper, frequently grey or drab in colour, which enabled him to put in his high lights with Chinese white or white chalk.

He rightly varied his methods as the charac-

teristics of his subjects demanded. Many are done with a broad soft pencil, used almost as a brush ; others on smooth paper with a point as delicate and fine as a needle. I can recall no draughtsman who, with pencil or ink, could transmit with so little labour the whole effect, colour included, of the scene before him.

Occasionally he would combine pencil and chalk in the same drawing.

Those drawings in pencil or chalk which he heightened with white, are executed with extreme skill, and I call to mind in this connection a vigorous, yet highly-finished example, wherein one sees a sparkling sea rushing in glittering cascades on to Hastings beach. Fleeting clouds, put in with Chinese white, fly wind-chased across the sky, their fatness of treatment, as compared with the crispness of the stinging spray, being beautifully differentiated.

The troubles in connection with his son, the failure of his own managerial enterprises, and more particularly the gradual obscuring from his view (by the approach of complete blindness between 1884 and 1887) of all those glories of nature that he so passionately adored, caused him so much embitterment and grief that in 1889 he passed away. He died at 45, South Hill Park Road, Hampstead.

It is sincerely to be hoped that an effort will be made before long to gather together for exhibition choice examples of the many sketches and paintings by Beverley which, unknown and invisible to the public, repose in private collections, so that at last we may be sure the genius of the great artist will be finally recognised. His admitted pre-eminence as a scenic artist alone, should years ago have led the London County Council to affix a memorial tablet to one or other of his residences. There should be no further delay in remedying the unaccountable omission.

Size $19\frac{3}{8} \times 12\frac{5}{8}$ ins.

THE OLD MILL AT EASTBOURNE (Pencil)

William Roxby Beverley, 26, Russell Square.

Royal Academy Exhibits.

1865	No. 648.	Making for port—close-reefed foresail, heavy sea
	No. 662.	Picking up drifts on the sands—heavy storm
1869	No. 508.	French Lugger
	No. 553.	Scarborough Castle
	No. 581.	Off Hastings
1870	No. 544.	Worthing Sands
	No. 561.	Bridlington Pier, Yorkshire
	No. 603.	Lugger driven on shore
	No. 679.	Early morning off Hastings
1871	No. 627.	Dutch Dogger Smack
	No. 712.	North Pier, Scarborough: gale blowing from North-East
	No. 772.	Sea fret: early, South Pier, Scarborough
1872	No. 759.	Pier at Newhaven
	No. 872.	Filey Rocks
	No. 884.	Berwick Smacks off the Harbour
1873	No. 834.	Lugger reaching Hastings
	No. 843.	Sands at Hastings, low water
1874	No. 735.	The turn of the tide below the Pool, London
	No. 757.	Scarborough Pier
	No. 833.	Scarborough Sands
1875	No. 680.	Morning Mists, Hastings Boats
	No. 732.	Wet Sand and Dry Sand
	No. 786.	Dutch Craft

1876	No. 756.	The Old Town of Hastings. Sunset, not a breath of air stirring
1877	No. 760.	Entrance to the Port of Harwich
	No. 772.	Aigh Light, North Shields
1879	No. 828.	Scarborough Trawler and French Lugger
1880	No. 792.	Fishing Boats going before the wind: early morning

William Roxby Beverley, 26, Russell Square.

Exhibits at the Dudley Gallery.

1865	No. 66.	Burlington Fishing boats	40 gns.
	No. 154.	Fresh Breeze	35 gns.
	No. 212	Coast Scene	25 gns.
	No. 222.	Off Whitby. Morning	35 gns.
	No. 329.	Mile Bay, Scarborough	25 gns.
1866	No. 240.	Trawler making for port, gale increasing	147 gns.
	No. 292.	North Sands, Scarborough Castle	53 gns.
	No. 338.	French Lugger and other craft	
	No. 482.	Sands at Towyer	40 gns.
1868	No. 335.	Starting for Fishing Ground	60 gns.
	No. 425.	Poor Jack's last Hope	70 gns.
	No. 508.	Clearing a Wreck	20 gns.
	No. 541.	Towyer Sands	20 gns.
	No. 569.	Houses of Parliament	20 gns.

1869	No. 474.	Scarborough Castle, evening	
	No. 481.	Low Tide (Whitburn)	
	No. 495.	Morning	50 gns.
	No. 555.	Fish Market, Whitburn Sands	25 gns.
	No. 564.	Fishing Boat driven on shore, Whitby	40 gns.
	No. 568.	Hungerford Bridge	25 gns.
1870	No. 311.	Morning Fish Market, Worthing Sands	70 gns.
	No. 356.	Misty Morning	40 gns.
	No. 479.	Houses of Parliament	12 gns.
	No. 492.	Victoria Tower and Westminster Bridge	12 gns.
	No. 623.	Old Pier, Bridlington	20 gns.
1871	No. 453.	Old Bridlington Pier	30 gns.
	No. 478.	Sands, near Hastings	
	No. 626.	Victoria Tower, Westminster	15 gns.

National Gallery of Scotland

Beach at Scarborough

Birmingham Gallery

Newhaven Pier

Bristol Corporation Gallery

Morning Mists, Hastings Boats

FORTHCOMING EXHIBITIONS
1921

EXHIBITION OF

OLD VIEWS

IN

COLOURED AQUATINT

FEBRUARY 23RD UNTIL MARCH 29TH.

4TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF

PASTORAL WATER-COLOURS

BY EMINENT

MODERN PAINTERS

APRIL 1ST UNTIL APRIL 22ND.

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OF THE

EARLY ENGLISH WATER-COLOUR SCHOOL

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COMMENCING IN JUNE.

WALKER'S GALLERIES, 118, New Bond St., W. 1

Size $13\frac{3}{4} \times 9\frac{3}{4}$ ins.

ON THE RHINE

The First Number of

WALKER'S QUARTERLY

(HENRY BRIGHT)

was published in October, 1920, copies of which may be obtained on application.

The EASTERN DAILY PRESS *says*:—

THE ART OF HENRY BRIGHT.

It is a welcome sign of the revival of interest in Henry Bright as a member of the Norwich School that he has been made the subject of a monograph in "Walker's Quarterly." This is a new production which owes its origin to the enterprise of the proprietor of Walker's Galleries in New Bond Street, who is moved by a desire to dispel the "obscurity in which the histories of so many excellent artists are shrouded." He has been astonished to find "how little known and, consequently, poorly appreciated are the works of numerous Lesser Masters." Henry Bright, though his death occurred nearly fifty years back, "is only now assuming his proper and permanent place in British Art. . . ." "I am happy," adds Mr. Walker, "in the belief that my own efforts at restoring his laurels are taking effect."

November 4th, 1920.

The forthcoming Numbers of WALKER'S QUARTERLY will contain the Biography and Illustrations of the Works of the less-known Water-Colour Painters of the 19th Century.

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